



CARL MAY.

The other day the game-wrecking Yankees, Babe Ruth, Ping Bodie, Bobby Youse, et al., blew into St. Louis to pick on the Browns. Going as they have been lately the Browns were set to present stiff opposition to the Gothamites. They had been hitting every kind of pitching. The Yanks won the first game. Then to make it two, Huggins sent the undersea hurler in. It was a situation made for May. His freak delivery, his change of pace and his knowledge of batters should have been apt.

When the smoke cleared away the Browns had knocked May from the box and had copied the game, 9 to 7. May was the bird who quit the Houston Red Sox team last year under unusual conditions and whose sale under unusual conditions also caused an eight-month legal battle in the New York team won out.

Which means the Yanks have lost out so far on May, for he hasn't been worth his salt in previous games this year.

May was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1891. Started his pro career with Union in 1915. He has cut in on world's series money and glory but for a sullen disposition and a tendency to brood would be a great batter today.



Even the system of having two judges provided for in the Walker bill in New York, and in use in amateur tournaments, does not always prevent referees putting something over. Out in France, where the system of judging bouts is employed, they are accusing a certain referee of deciding the bouts to his own liking despite the verdict of the judges. He did the trick by announcing that the two judges had disagreed, which permitted him to decide on the winner. As he always tore up the judges' slips after glancing at them, there was no way of detecting the fraud unless the judges happened to compare notes after the bouts, and by that time it was too late. To stop the practice the fighters now demand that the referee show them the slips so that they can see for themselves what the verdict is.

Alvin Sotheron, the leading trick ball pitcher of the St. Louis Browns, says that the new rules prohibiting freak deliveries will not prevent the use of the so-called "sailer" this year. He is hit once by the bat it leaves a mark on the smooth cover of the ball, and this one bruise will enable the pitchers to use this spot in throwing a ball that comes up so mysteriously that the batters imagine it is floating up to them. Sotheron believes that pitchers like himself, Cicotte and Eller, for instance, will be able to throw the so-called shine ball without rubbing the ball on their uniform. The Browns star contends that if the batters think they are going to have an easier time making base hits this year they are mistaken, for it is going to be just as difficult as ever.

"There is nothing in the report that I am trying to buy the Boston Braves," says James E. Gaffney, former owner of the club, recently. "I spent a couple of days in Boston on private business, and I met Johnny Evers there by accident, and some of the theories were spread that we were after the club. A year ago I might have taken back the Braves for practice, nothing before they were sold to George Grant. But I didn't care to return to baseball, and I have no idea of it now."

Joe Jackson is out for the batting crown, judging by the way he's slugging the old pill around. Oh, would that we could be called a ham and egg fighter these days—with ham and eggs where they are. The wonderful pitching exhibition of Joe Oeschger and Leon Cadore at Boston recently sort of knocked away the claim that pitchers are "not ready" so early in the season. While it is true this has been a late spring and all that, Cadore and Oeschger could stand the gaff—and it was some gaff—for 25 innings, so why can't the others stand muster for nine innings every fourth or fifth day? That sure was some twirling feat they put on when you consider the time and place. May 1, and cold, chilly Boston.

The raw meat of defeat the Tigers have been eating may make them dangerous before the season is over. The minor leagues, the feeding grounds for the big leagues, are going full blast again. All of which means more to the game than the average fan—or his league regular—realizes.

Umpire Bill Brown had a field day at Los Angeles recently, when he put five feet out of the Vernon-Sacramento game, there being four Tigers and one Bear to arouse his ire. Brown, according to all accounts, is rapidly approaching that stage of popularity with everybody that caused him to be dropped from the National League staff.

If Jack Dempsey has so hard a time beating Georges Carpentier, when they meet—as the average fight fan has pronounced the Frenchman's name will be a long and grueling contest, with both men fainting at the finish.

Somewhere in the annals of motorism a place should be set aside for the motorist of Bogota, Columbia. Here, says the New York Sun, "the municipal laws prohibit a speed greater than thirteen millimeters an hour."

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DEATHS.
 BURNETT—In this city Tuesday afternoon, June 29, at 1:30 o'clock, Norman R. husband of Mary Crisman Burnett, father of Norman H. Burnett, Jr., and brother of Oscar Burnett.
 Funeral services conducted by the Rev. C. H. Williamson, will be held at the residence of father-in-law, C. H. Crisman, 1606 N. Union avenue, this (Wednesday) afternoon at 4 o'clock. Friends invited. Interment private in Forest Hill cemetery.

TAD'S TID-BITS

BATTER'S OUT.

Dear Tad:
 Are you out in the bushes sees more comedy in a week than the birds in the big show do in a whole season. (One of the funniest stunts I ever saw, and I believe it to be the queerest strikeout that ever took place on a ball field, was pulled down at Paducah, a few years back, when I was umpire. Paducah was playing Cairo, and it was a hotly contested game, drifting along to the ninth inning with Cairo leading 1 to 0. With two down in the ninth, old Jonah Himes, who was playing first for Paducah, got hold of a fast, high one, and gave it a ride to the fence in right field, and guided up at third.

The next man up was a young fellow named Jeffries. When the Cairo pitcher, who, by the way, was our old friend, "Bugs," Raymond, saw the desperate looking Jeffries amble up to the plate, drawing a big bat, he took an extra big chunk of tobacco and tightened his belt.

Raymond was in fine form that day, and pitching his head off, but the big batter in the hole, with two and two, as he started to wind up for the next one of the swallows that abound along the Ohio river darted out from the shade of the stand to the middle of the diamond, where he stood about shoulder and headed for the plate, waist high. Jeffries, seeing what he thought was a fast crowd, all coming up, although a bit puzzled at the odd shape of the pill, dug his spikes into the turf and took a fearful cut at the bird.

As the swallow zoomed safely over the stand, "Bugs," who took in the situation at a glance, whipped over a perfect strike before the staggering Jeffries could set himself for another swing.

As soon as the ball left his hands, Raymond, weak with laughter, lay down on the slab and had to be carried off the field.

J. E. MORGAN.

HE KNEW SOMETHING.

Pop Cornwell, of Brooklyn, tells us a tip that happened at the old Ardmore Sporting club of Maryland years ago.

Just before the main event on those days, said Pop, "they used to have a battle royal between two men who were put into the ring, and the man who was on his feet at the finish got all the jack pot."

There was a black gent in the ring the night I speak of and his moniker was Dragon Ellison. He was no black that you could see him in a dark room.

"Well, Dragon tore after the other

seven guys this night in the battle royal he kicked, elbowed, punched and tripped them. He finally downed the whole seven and left the ring on the opposite side from his opponents.

"He collected the money and we forgot about him. That night after the show was over I was talking to Kid Sullivan on a corner. There in a doorway near the street car terminal was the Dragon. He was waiting for a few more words for your column. He was a big, black, that's a block, brothers and sisters, that's the whippersnappers.

"Used this way, you'd say, 'Look at the looks with the whippersnappers—what a lovely heat he has on.' 'Pipe the elephant's trunk, that's a drunk. Hoop of coke, that's a block, brothers and sisters, that's the whippersnappers.

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THE GREATEST FIGHTER.

Up town the other night we ran into a bunch of century plants, who have been watching leather, snuffing since they went barefooted. Among the plants was Arthur Lumley known to all old-timers as a writer on things pugilistic.

Arthur believes that the fighters of today are great. He says they train better and take more care of themselves than the old-timers did. He says that there were a number of old-timers who would have knocked the 125 crop kicking in no time.

"There was in my day Sullivan, Dempsey and McAdams," said Lumley, smiling at the number of years he was tearing by "great men I guess, just as good as any that I ever saw, but there was another fellow who was a terror. 'Fiddler' Neary was this fellow's name, and he never trained any harder than a desk sergeant at police headquarters.

"He was just a fighter. He cared nothing about condition, but in a fight he was a terror. This fellow used to fight ten and twelve times a night. Can you beat that? He used to make the rounds of the clubs and take on anyone near his weight as long as he could get some change. His last stop of an evening would be Harry Hill's old joint, then he'd go to O'Connell's, then to Billy McGilroy's armory hall.

"Some nights he'd knock out five or six. Then 'Fiddler' would start around the rounds of the night and fight with the merry mucklugs until he was broke. He usually ended up in 'Irishtown,' Brooklyn, saloons.

"Some nights, after a tough evening before, Neary would start out to get more money, and in his first three starts would be knocked out. That made no difference to him, however, for after being cleaned up and laid to the other boxing halls and win two or three goes to even up the night. He was just

MORE OF THAT SLANG.

Here's Bill Green scampering across the pavement with more of that Australian lingo.

Dear Tad—Thought I'd send you a few more words for your column. He was a big, black, that's a block, brothers and sisters, that's the whippersnappers.

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COFFROTH STILL IN BIZ.

Jim Coffroth in an interview out West recently stated that if the public still demanded a Carpenter-Dempsey match that he would be there with a bid and right up in front.

"I don't say that it is the greatest match that was ever thought of," pipped Sunny Jim, "but you know it right fans want it, and it looks to be a card. I'll be in it. You can say, however, that it will not be held at the Juanita. I don't know who ever started the Juanita thing, but I never intended holding the go there.

"Jack Johnson? Yes, he's there. He is in front of his place, that is right near to it, he strips and does callisthenics much to the enjoyment of the Mexicans who stand open-mouthed in admiration of his wonderful muscles."

Coffroth's Tia Juana race track which is soon to close for the season, has been a big success.

HUMOR IN HEADLINES.

"Wave of Price Cutting Begins." "Burglar Weds as Life Sentence Begins." "Why not 'Burglar's Life Sentence Begins—He Weds'?"

If you mark your ballot XXX instead of X, it will invalidate your ballot but will serve to indicate your leanings.

"Were you ever held up?" "Yes. Once a bunch of us were enjoying a little game, and the table was piled high in a jackpot when suddenly the door opened and a masked man entered with a gun, and ordered us to throw up our hands."

"And what did you do?" "Oh, I didn't mind throwing up mine. All I held was a pair of deuces."

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